Wi. Oh god, *Stabs at the child in*
Huſ. Haue at his hart *hir armes.*
Wi. Oh my deare boy, *gets it from hir.*
Hu. Brat thou ſhalt not liue to ſhame thy howſe,
Wi. Oh heauen *ſhee's hurt and ſinks downe.*
Hu. And periſh now begon,
Thers whores enow, and want wold make thee one.

Enter a luſty ſeruant.

Ser. Oh Sir what deeds are theſe?
Huſ. Baſe ſlaue my vaſſail?
Comſt thou between my fury to queſtion me
Ser: Were you the Deuil I would hold you ſir,
Hu. Hould me? preſumption, Ile vndoe thee for't,
Ser, Sbloud you haue vndone vs all ſir,
Hu. Tug at thy maſter'
Ser. Tug at a Monſter.
Hus. Haue I no power, ſhall my ſlaue fetter me,
Ser. Nay then the Deuil wraſtles, I am thowne,
Hu: Oh villane now Ile tug thee *ouercomes him.*
now Ile teare thee,
ſet quick ſpurres to my vaſſaile, bruize him,
trample him, ſo, I think thou wilt not folow me in haſt
My horſe ſtands reddy ſadled, away, away,
Now to my brat at nurſſe, my ſucking begger
Fates, Ile not leaue you one to trample one.

The Maſter meets him.

Ma. How iſt with you ſir me thinks you looke of a
diſtracted colour.
Hu. Who I ſir, tis but your fancie,
Pleaſe you walke in Sir, and Ile ſoone reſolue you,
I want